

BEFORE HE THOUGHT.

The Poor Fellow Was Really Hungry and Spoke His Mind Too Frankly.

Tom De Witt, Jack Ford and Ed Hillman had been living on cigars and hope for two days and were nearly starved to death.

They had decided to honor some of their Yassar friends with a visit, at the time of the commencement, when the college discipline is somewhat relaxed; but a short stay in the place had convinced them that the fare of the Poughkeepsie boarding house was inadequate to satisfy their Yassar appetites.

So when, after a morning drive, the girls announced that they intended to effectively silence the current feeble sneer at the cooking abilities of fair collegians by giving the party a lunch prepared by themselves, there was joy in the hearts of the men. At the word "lunch" Tom looked at Ed and Ed looked at Tom, and Jack looked straight into the face of the prettiest girl and said most felicitously, "Oh, thank you!"

It was to be served in one of the rooms at 2 o'clock. "In the meantime they would stroll about the grounds and get up an appetite."

At last the lunch came. It was a "pink" one. The table was artistically and tastefully decorated. Big pink bows and bunches of roses covered the cloth, and elaborately painted dinner cards directed the guests to their seats.

As coffee succeeded course the men began to wonder where the substantial fare was coming in, and to realize that a third disappointment had fallen to their lot.

The little tubs of deviled salmon, the tropical croquettes with tender asparagus tips, the tiny dais of shrimp salad in the center of each green lettuce leaves, the salted almonds, the olives, the marinated place and the strawberry shortcake were all very dainty and delicate, but not particularly satisfying to earthly mortals whose thoughts were running on thick, juicy English chops and big pepper mugs the size of an infant's bathtub.

And when as a finishing touch came little packages of tutti frutti, cunningly tied up in pink ribbons, were passed around on a silver plate, the men felt unequal to further conversational effort.

A few hours after the feast Tom De Witt remarked that it was time for them to be starting, as they expected to catch the 7:30 train for New York.

"Oh, you'd better stay over until the 10:00," remonstrated a sweet sophomore; "you will just spoil your evening. What will you do when you get back to the city?"

Here was the great opportunity of Jack's life, and unconsciously he rose to it.

"Oh," he said earnestly, "we'll go straight to a hotel and get something to eat, for we haven't had a square meal since we have been in this town."

For a moment three girls stared blankly at each other, and then the young men gathered their hats and came together and, saying hurriedly "good night," sped, with horizontal coat tails, in the direction of the depot.—Harry Romaine in *Home-Maker*.

How the Cobra Gave Warning.

The most dangerous reptiles of India and Africa are the cobras. No snakes, not even rattlesnakes, are more dreaded, and with reason. As the rattlesnake warns the ear by its significant "rattle," so the cobra warns the eye by the mole in which they expand the upper part of the body when irritated. This expansion is produced by a sudden movement of the ribs of that region of the body. Usually they incline backward, but the animal, when irritated, makes them stand out at right angles to the body, and so, of course, forces outward the skin which covers them. This the neck, or part just behind the head, becomes greatly expanded and flattened, as it also does, though in a less degree, in the Australian blacksnake. This expansion is called a hood, and so the animals are called hooded snakes. In some of them there is on the back of the hood a dark mark, some thing like a pair of spectacles, and they have therefore been called spectacle snakes.—Quarterly Review.

How Hawthorne Wrote.

We never think of local color in connection with Hawthorne. Apparently he didn't need to put it on. Perhaps he would not have understood about it. He might have thought that the counterpart of the literary term (local color) applied socially would refer to the women who paint the term has such an artificial sound. One has an idea of a colored photograph; the local color is not a part of the substance, but is imposed. Hawthorne was not conscious of any necessity of giving local color to his creations. He wrote of that into which he was born, and his creations, even when they were in foreign settings, glowed with that internal personality which is never counterfeited by veneering.—Charles Dudley Warner in *Harper's*.

Definition of a Journalist.

"A man of literature compelled by circumstances to be also a man of business." That is the definition of a journalist, given by Mr. Sala. It is a good enough definition in its way, though it cannot be considered as invariably accurate. There are a good many so-called journalists who are certainly not "men of literature," and a good many more, whose claim to the title of journalist is unquestioned, who are certainly not "men of business."—London Globe.

Reason for Bad Roads.

Bicycle (in disgust)—Why do you have such abominable roads in this section?

Farmer—Well, you see, we're afraid if we made 'em any better you bicycle fellows will be 'em.—Good News.

The Grand Trunk railway of Uruguay from Montevideo has been completed, and opens out a vast tract of fertile land hitherto comparatively worthless, the area of which is only a little less than Belgium.

Once Weekly.

A third of a century ago Bob Gridley of this place was probably the best known and one of the richest gamblers in the United States. He conducted a place for years before John Morrissey came to the front. Bob was characterized as an "honest gambler," a search article in the world of chance today, and it was a common saying that "Bob Gridley's word is good for \$50,000." As the years thinned his locks and bent his form his luck changed and false friends assisted in depleting his exchequer. Step by step he descended the financial ladder, and his continued misfortune

soured him to the pessimistic extent that he believed everybody was against him. Reverses drove him out of gambling and the speculating fraternity soon looked upon him as a "useless" man.

With the small remnants of his fortune he established a front porch and sought to obtain an honest livelihood. His wife died and his family became scattered. Two or three years ago he disposed of his property at a loss and established new ones a short distance north of the town. Adversity continued on his trail. The second investment cost him \$11,000 and his last penny. In a few days a mortgage foreclosure will wipe even this out and leave him comparatively penniless, friendless and abandoned at the tottering age of eighty years. The present generation has forgotten old Bob Gridley. He smokes his pipe in his rural chimney corner, and while a stray thought occasionally trickles down his wrinkled face, he wonders how soon he will be compelled to seek the refuge of the Saratoga county poorhouse.—Saratoga Cur. Chicago Times.

Warnings for Writers.

The Society of Authors in England has issued the following warnings, which are timely:

Never sign any agreement of which the alleged cost of production forms an integral part until you have proved the figures.

Never enter into any correspondence with publishers (especially with those who advertise for manuscripts) who are not recommended by experienced friends.

Never, on any account whatever, bind yourself down for future work to any one.

Never accept any proposal of royalty until you have ascertained exactly what the agreement gives to the author and what to the publisher.

Never accept without advice any pecuniary risk or responsibility whatever.

Never, when a manuscript has been refused by respectable houses, pay others, whatever promises they may put forward, for the production of the work.

Never, without advice, sign a receipt which gives away copyright.

Never forget that publishing is a business like any other business, charity or pure love of literature. You have to do with business men.

Mr. Matsuo's Big Kite.

Junmatu Matsuo, a native of Nagasaki, Japan, now residing on Rochelle avenue, Wisnasholm, has built an enormous kite, shaped like an owl, which he intends flying from the hillside on Mansuyn avenue. The kite is made of split bamboo frames, covered with rice paper, and requires a tall forty yards long to steady the aerial monster. It has two miles of string of an eighth of an inch thick to hold the kite. After the kite has reached the height required he will send up on the string several mechanical objects to within a yard of the kite, which will again return to the ground. If the owl proves a success he intends on the Fourth of July to have one made like a ship, without tail or string, using gas balloons attached to each mast, and when at a certain height the ship will leave the balloons and float gracefully in space.—Philadelphia Record.

"Teals' Glow" in England.

Teals' experiments with high frequency currents before the Royal Institution have laid such hold on the imagination of the English, who, as Tesla says in a recent letter to a friend in New York, "are the most enthusiastic people in the world in scientific matters," that crowds flock daily to the Crystal Palace to see the high pressure demonstrations given at the electrical exhibition. Many people find it hard to believe, without actually seeing it, that a tube carried in the hand, without any wire connection whatever, will fill a room with beautiful light and high pressure discharges with their dazzling and exquisite effects of color and light, and the illumination of wireless vacuum tubes promises to be indispensable at any afternoon party.—Exchange.

Evangelists in Jail.

The Rich brothers, who are known throughout Maine as the crazy evangelists of Piscataquis county, have been landed in Bangor jail. On May 29 they broke up a religious meeting at Sangerville, because the exposition of the Gospel on that occasion was not according to their ideas, and a day or two later at a funeral, when the officiating clergyman remarked that the deceased was a good woman and was then in heaven, one of the brothers jumped up and declared that she had gone in an entirely different direction. That was the last straw, and the evangelists will suffer sixty days of martyrdom in a place where more attention is paid to the making of brooms than to theology.—New York News.

Floods Help Fishermen.

The recent high water at Marion, O., and vicinity has afforded the fish in the bigger streams a good opportunity to ascend the smaller, and they are found in abundance, and with little effort can be caught with hook or hand. Catfish of all sizes are found almost as numerous as the English sparrow and are caught with most also carp weighing five and six pounds are found in the Whetstone river in that county. Along the smaller streams and in ditches hundreds of various kinds are reported to have been caught.

Labouchere's Narrow Escape.

Labouchere was in Mexico during the rebellion, and he thought he might serve humanity by secretly giving both belligerents good advice. One night, as he approached the tent of one of the two generals, he heard the voices of these rival pretenders in converse. Creeping close to the canvas he listened, and discovered that they had agreed upon a truce in order to hang him in the morning as an example to both armies. In the morning, however, this misunderstood mutual friend had naturally disappeared.—Cor. New York World.

Told Him Why.

Mr. Nicofello (cautiously)—Why are you so cold and distant?

Sweet Girl (quietly)—The fire has gone out, and this sofa is too heavy for me to move up to your chair.—New York Weekly.

Marriage Records in South Carolina.

South Carolina is the only state in the Union in which no official record of marriages is kept.—Charleston News and Courier.

Seventeen and fifteen years were the respective ages of a young couple who eloped and got married at Edgely, B. C., one day last week.

Blaine's Revenge.

When Honore de Balzac, the novelist, stated in early life his wish to become a literary man, his father, who had dedicated him to the law, was shocked and disappointed. Still he gave the boy two years in which to prove his fitness for a literary life, and Honore was accordingly installed in an attic near the library where he proposed to work.

His mother believed that a little hardship would soon bring him to his senses, but the correspondence which he thereupon began with his sister shows that the man who was afterward to attain distinction in his chosen work could afford, as a youth, to scorn such trifles as waiting upon himself. In the very first letter he confided to his sister the news that he had taken a servant. He writes:

"He is named Myself! And a bad bargain he is, truly! Myself is lazy, clumsy, thoughtless. His master is hungry or thirsty, and often enough Myself has neither bread nor water to give him; he doesn't even know how to shield him from the wind which whistles through the door and window. As soon as I am awake I rinz for Myself, and he makes my bed. Then he sweeps the room, and I clump he is at it."

"Myself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look at that cobweb with the big fly buzzing in it till I am half giddy with the noise, and the stuff under the bed, and the dust under the window panes!"

"The lazy beggar gapes at me and doesn't stir, and yet, in spite of all his defects, I can't get rid of that unmitigated Myself!"

And the same stupid "Myself" it was who afterward enriched French literature with a series of wonderful works.—Youth's Companion.

Number of People Since Adam.

Did you ever make a calculation of the probable number of people that have inhabited our globe since the beginning of time? No doubt you will say that such calculations involve a loss of time, and are after all barren of results. But let us take a few minutes' time and approximate, with a certain degree of accuracy, the number of souls that have been vouchered into this wicked world since the time when it was "not good for Adam to be alone."

At the present time it is believed that there are 1,400,000,000 human beings on the globe; but let us suppose that there has been an average of 900,000,000 living at any one time since the creation. Next, to give room for any possible doubt, we will put the average length of life at fifty years. (It may have been much longer than that 5,000 years ago, but has been much shorter for the last 1,000 years.) With the average length of life as above, we have had two generations of 900,000,000 each every century for the past 6,000 years.

Taking this for granted, this globe has had 60,000,000,000,000 human inhabitants since the beginning of time. To even bury this vast number the whole landed surface of the globe, every inch of it, would have to be dug over 120 times!—Philadelphia Press.

How a Chameleon Looks.

Upon a crimson cloth the chameleon becomes almost crimson; move it onto a gray surface and the bright tints will quickly subside. But at night, whether disturbed or not, it invariably assumes its palest tints. Two which I caught in the Cape Town garden, which were of a very brilliant metallic green, were splendidly decorated. On the back or sides, sometimes saddlelike and sometimes lengthwise, were slashes of red. The markings vary in the individuals. The crest and decorations on the head and back are like fretwork, the whole body and limbs are dotted with very fine warts or tubercles like shagreen, and when angry all these distinctive features are exaggerated. The gills and crest are swelled, and the skin of the chin is pulled out so as to show white stripes, while the creature opens its mouth wide, displaying the yellow, fleshy interior, and closing its teeth or finger should you provoke it to do so.—Cor. Forest and Stream.

Deaths in January.

It has often been noticed at the beginning of January the death is announced of a number of prominent men. The reason is probably found in the fact that great men are more prone to die in January than at any other time of the year, but that the weather in that month is unsettled, and consequently hard on the constitution alike of great and humble. Great men are only human after all, and a great man physically weakened by hard work or disease is just as likely to die from a change of weather as though he were a day laborer.

The mortality tables show that the month of January is the first month of exceedingly hot weather in the summer are more fatal than any other time of the year, and the great must take their chances with other people.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Faith in Witchcraft.

Belief in witchcraft is still found among the people in many countries. The wife of a rich farmer in Styria, Austria, had been paralyzed for years, and the medical men gave her up as hopeless. The farmer lastly applied to a witchdoctor, who looked into the matter and pronounced the patient to be bewitched. She pointed out another farmer who had also been sick for years as the wizard, and prescribed that an old pair of pants of the man and a few drops of his blood must be placed over a dull fire and slowly burned. The patient must be held over the smoldering fire and thoroughly fanned, after which she would recover. The pants were obtained and the old sick man one evening, when stepping into the doorway of his hut to get a breath of fresh

FOR SCROFULA

scrofulous humor in the blood, ulcers, catarrh, and consumption, use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The most economical, safe, speedy, and effective of all blood-purifiers.

Has Cured Others will cure you.

He was attacked and thrown down on his face to make his nose and mouth bleed.

The blood was carefully scraped up from the ground and the fumigation made, but of course without the promised effect of curing the woman. The old man was terribly shaken and has died since, whether as a result of the outrage committed against him is not reported. At Villa, Spain, a farmer was sick. His son went to the only woman in the village that enjoyed the reputation of being a witch and demanded of her to restore his father to health. When a few days later his father had not improved he went and shot both the scalded witch and her husband dead.—Chicago Herald.

Divine Service by Telephone.

The mayor of Nottingham, accompanied by several members of the corporation and other leading men of the town, recently attended divine services in a novel fashion. The meeting-house was the local exchange of the National Telephone company, but the service in which they participated was conducted at Christ church, Birmingham, fifty miles away, the communication being of course by telephone.

They sat on each side of the long table on which thirty receivers were placed, while at the church end were eight transmitters—two in the belfry, two in the choir, two in the reading desk, and two in the pulpit, switched on and off as exigencies required—an arrangement which has been in operation for some weeks for the edification of Birmingham subscribers. The Nottingham congregation were able to hear the bells very distinctly, and the responses and other musical portions of the service, while the preacher, having a clear voice and deliberate utterance, was very audible, and his sermon was listened to with close attention.—London Tit-Bits.

Ancient Tombs.

While legal proceedings as to the ownership of the famous Red Rock caverns, below Menton, in which has been recently found a still further group of neolithic skeletons of a giant man, are still pending, an almost equally interesting discovery has been made in a deep railway cutting at Andrey, in Seine-et-Oise, near Paris, where the workmen ran upon a huge Merovingian cemetery of the Sixth century. Already there have been uncovered nearly 900 tombs, extending over an area of 2½ miles, yielding a hitherto unheard of mass of carved sarcophagi, knives, spears, vases, ornaments and pottery of unique shapes and styles of decoration.

It is recalled now that the tiny hamlet of Andrey, in the generations succeeding the introduction of Christianity by Genevieve and Clovis, was an important missionary center.

Taking this for granted, this globe has had 60,000,000,000 human inhabitants since the beginning of time. To even bury this vast number the whole landed surface of the globe, every inch of it, would have to be dug over 120 times!—Philadelphia Press.

Electric Locomotives for Steam Roads.

There is a sign that one of the most startling revolutions of the century is approaching. Steps are being taken in the northwest toward the laying of an experimental track on which many points bearing on the substitution of electric locomotives for steam locomotives on trunk lines will be determined, and electrical engineers are working the country are on the qui vive for the next developments. The three eighty-ton electric locomotives to be used in the Belt line tunnel, Baltimore, will push a freight train of 1,300 tons, including locomotive, through the tunnel, up an eight-tenths of 1 per cent. grade, for a distance of 6,000 feet, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, or a 600-ton passenger train, including locomotive, at the rate of thirty miles an hour.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Coin of the Mogul Emperors.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has finished his "Catalogue of the Coins of the Mogul Emperors of Hindoostan in the British Museum," from the invasion of Balor to the establishment of a British currency by the East India company, in 1858. It contains descriptions of over 1,400 coins, chiefly gold and silver, 500 of which are represented in the autotype illustrations. This completes this author's description of the entire collection of Mohammedan coins in the museum.

Handel's Birthplace.

The house in which Handel was born at Halle, on the 23d of January, 1685, is to be sold, and seems likely to be bought by a brewer, who already uses the grounds as a garden. The great composer's admirers desire, however, to have the house converted into a Handel museum, as has been done with the birthplaces of Goethe, Beethoven and other famous men, and are collecting funds for the purpose.—London Standard.

Truly a "Circular Singularity."

A calf belonging to a Mr. Houchen, near Seymour, became strangely sick the other day, and in a short time began to whirl around and around, as a pup after its tail, and within two hours was dead. It whirled for two solid hours, never stopping to draw breath or grease the axle.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

Valuable Animals.

The high state officials and the rich people of Egypt have a peculiar aversion to riding the horse, their favorite mount being a species of white ass, which is held as being a semisacred animal. Fine specimens of these snow white creatures are seldom sold for what would be less than \$1,000 in United States currency.—St. Louis Republic.

Diamonds at the Fair.

The exhibit of minerals and precious stones at the World's fair in Chicago will be unusually complete and interesting. The diamond department, under the direction of a company from South Africa, will be more closely studied than anything else, for here in a mass of "blue stuff" will be hidden \$350,000 worth of diamonds, some of which will every day be washed out and put on the polishing wheel in the presence of the public. The old ways of diamond mining, like the old ways of gold washing, are gone, never to return, and the industry is now reduced to the same matter of fact business as manufacture. The entire process, from shoveling the clay to the work of dredging, washing in rotary machines, sorting pebbles and cutting and polishing, will be seen daily.

The De Beers and Kimberly mines will supply most of the material. It is about a quarter of a century since old Farmer De Beers sat under a tree watching his little girl roll a pebble on his lawn. A trader named O'Reilly hap-

pened to pass and the glitter of the plaything attracted his notice. Examination proved it to be a fine diamond. Prospectors came swarming in as soon as the news had got about, and four years later the farmer was glad to sell his farm for \$20,000 to get rid of the mob. Up to 1875 \$6,000,000 worth of gems had been taken out of his farm, but he was probably satisfied, for he belonged to an unexcitable race.—Exchange.

A Gypsy Burial.

An interesting gypsy burial has just taken place at the Catholic cemetery in Weissenau, near Berlin. The son of the gypsy chief was carried to the grave, accompanied by members of the race from far and wide. A band of music opened the procession, followed by gypsies playing the fiddle or clashing cymbals. The splendid metal coffin was carried in a first class hearse, on each side of which the cousins and uncles of the deceased rode on horseback, their bridles and saddles being covered with crapes. Close behind the coffin rode the six oldest members of the clan, beating tambourines while they muttered prayers.

Then came a troop of gypsy men, women and children in carriages, on horseback or on foot, clad in their picturesque costumes. The procession was closed by the parents of the deceased, accompanied by four "mourning women," who raised a fearful howling. The sight attracted thousands of spectators. The burial was accomplished with the usual Catholic rites, but afterward the gypsies offered up a dog as a "sacrifice to the moon" in an open field near by.—London News.

Iron Deposits in Finland.

An important discovery of very extensive iron ore deposits, which are even supposed to rival the enormous iron ore mountain at Gellivara, in north Sweden, has quite recently been made in Finland by M. Stjernvall, the geologist.

"High Card Bob" to Join the Church.

Bob Brevington, formerly of Kirkville, Mo., and known to his associates as "High Card Bob," who recently won \$2,500 in Arizona, announces that he has given it back and will reform. He declares that twenty-five dollars honestly earned will go farther than \$100 won over the card table, and that the gambler's life has lost all its charms for him. Finally he has promised to join the church.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

A New Electric Heat Alarm Consists in the employment of a column of mercury, which by its expansion above a certain point completes the circuit and rings an alarm.

You can't be here some dealers always. They want to sell the medicine that pays them the highest price. What you want to buy is the one that does you the most good.

Which one is it? Sometimes, it may be a matter of doubt. But in the case of Dr. Fernal's Favorite Prescription, there's no room for doubt. It's a matter that can be proved.

With the facts before you, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

And here's the proof: Among all the medicines that claim to cure women's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities, and diseases, Dr. Fernal's Favorite Prescription is the only one that's guaranteed.

If it doesn't do all that's claimed for it, it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you'll have your money back.

There's strength and vigor for every tired and feeble woman, health and new life for every delicate and ailing woman—and if there's no help, there's no pay.

COPPER

Hardinge & Co.

BUYERS OF ALL CLASSES OF COPPER ORES AND MATTES

Write for Prices.

1752 CURTIS ST., DENVER, COLO.

J. CROCKET GIVENS,

Proprietor of the

PALACE SALOON!

CENTRAL, N. M.

The Choicest of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SOUTHERN HOTEL

DAVID ABRAHAM, Prop.

FURNISHED ROOMS. BATHS FREE.

DAILY STAGE: LINE

From—

SILVER CITY

—VIA—

PORT BAYARD, CENTRAL AND SANTA FE TO GEORGETOWN.

Stages arrive daily in Silver City on the

despatch of train, carrying passengers, mail and express, and leave Silver City daily on arrival of train, carrying passengers and express.

OFFICES:

At Silver City—In the Express Office.

At Georgetown—In the Post Office.

W. M. MURPHY, Manager.

Silver City, N. M.

ST. GEORGE ROBINSON,

Dealer in—

Stoves and Tinware.

Agent for

MAJESTIC RANGE

Tin Roofing a Specialty.

Ballard Street, next door to Postoffice's.

SILVER CITY NEW MEXICO.

FOUNDRY CASTINGS

Made to Order.

SKELLY'S Photographic Studio.

SILVER CITY, N. M.

JACK MCGEE, BOILER

MAKER AND REPAIRER.

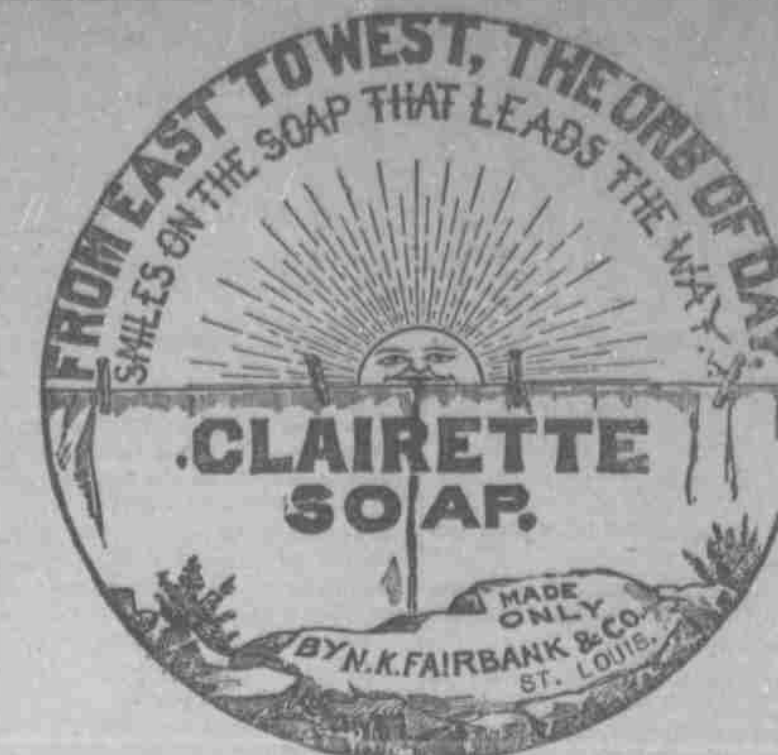
Silver City, N. M.

See All work warranted. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

HARRY W. LUCAS, NOTARY PUBLIC,

Office in Postoffice Building.

SILVER CITY, N. M.



BRANDS OF Southwest Cattlemen.

P. O. Alma, Socorro County, N.M. Range, San Francisco River, Socorro County.

We claim all cattle and horses branded W S on any part of the animal, also claim all horses and cattle branded